

[SRP copy]

09-28-1984

Ekdale

DWP—

at 7:15 A.M. & later I was summoned to Lakeland High School to teach Spanish for the day. I rushed out into the woods, bathed, and then, with all the excitement of a teenager preparing for the Junior Prom, I dressed. After a 10-minute session of making sure that everything was unplugged & off (particularly the kettle in which I boiled my bath water) I took my leave of Ekdale (8 A.M.) and by 8:30 A.M. I was "doing a home room." The day was a pure delight. I am sure that all the students are quite convinced that I am a Spanish count, and yet not once today did I say a single word of Spanish—partly because I dislike the language a great deal and also because I know almost no Spanish. Very dull indeed.

Mr. Graphia arts teacher (Mr. Krantz) to whose students you spoke on photography in City Hall a year or so ago came rushing up to me and said that his students were still talking about your lecture & about how much they enjoyed it and about how much they learned. "Do you think it would be possible for your brother to give the talk again?" asked Mr. Krantz. I assured him that even though your lecture schedule was rather complete for this season that I probably could persuade him (i.e., you) to schedule a lecture or two at Lakeland. Mr. Krantz: "We'd appreciate it if he (i.e., you) could."

The calendar that Peg gave me at Christmas last year has, very often, some wonderful quotations on it. For September 26, 1984, is the following by Apollonius, c. 295-215 B.C. (quoted in "The Golden Sayings of Epictetus"): "If you are bent upon a little private discipline, wait till you are

choking with heat some day—then take a mouthful of cold water, and spit it out again, and tell no man!" Given your (and my) interest in "private discipline," I'm sure that that statement by Apollonius will give you pleasure.

The second quotation is from Arthur Schopenhauer's "Counsel and Maxim," and is reported in my calendar for 09-27-1984. It is as follows: "Do not shorten the morning by getting up late; look upon it as the quintessence of life, and to a certain extent sacred." Given our recent mutual interest in getting up early, this statement by Schopenhauer is also right on target.

About ten days ago, Faythe wrote me a letter—actually it was a telegram— in which she lambasted me for all sorts of "crimes" against her. I opened the letter and read it and declared her to be dead. On 09-24-84 she wrote again and now wants to effect a reconciliation. How is that a possibility? She no longer exists.

On a much more serious level—Sheryl's cat—Annabel Lee—has just died. She wrote on 09-24-84 & said: "Annabel Lee died on September 20 after a 2 month illness. If you could possibly call me I would appreciate it because I have now learned the true meaning of the word 'unconsolable.' But friends help. Love, Sheryl." I will call her this weekend. Sheryl has had Annabel for over 10 years—maybe as long as 13 years. All this makes me think of your darling Pooch. How, by the way, has said canine adjusted to your new work schedule?

Regards—
Robert